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## I WILL GO TO THE FATHER.

I will arise and go to my Father ere the day waneth and the light grow dim :
I am aweary of the Desert and its barren food :
No longer will I bemoan my weakness, nor cry out my pain :
But of the Father will I ask the spiritual food of my daily bread, and that He give me to drink of His wine cup.
I will call upon His sacred name, and He will lift me up unto the mountain tops where I may see the Eye of Day ever shining in the East.
For He is mighty, and no man hath yet taken the measure of His strength.
He will set the width and the depth of seas between me and my sins against Him.
I will offer up my heart as a sacrifice upon His holy altar, and He shall give me a new heart filled with His divine Love and Power :
And I shall go forth crying unto all men to come unto the Father !
For of Him is the Power ; and His Wisdom alone endureth.
Unto Him will I offer the daily labor of my hand ; and the toil shall be sweet because of the service.
No more will I fear sickness and death; poverty shall not affright me ; nor the woe of millions appall my heart:
For my faith is in the Father !
Sickness and Death, Poverty and Woe are but the dark ends of the golden threads He holdeth in His hands, and by which He bindeth men unto Himself.
I will gather up these dull threads until I reach their shining parts, and wipe from them the stains, and cut away their frayed ends; and in my hands shall I hold them, shining, as when they come from the Father.
His strength shall encompass me about, and like the warrior shall I grow eager for battle.
My heart shall leap forth in a cry of joy; and the Warrior within me will hear that cry and know that I am come to join the Mighty Hosts, the unseen Legions of the Light.
And we shall conquer : for nothing can prevail against Him.
And in the light of His divine wisdom all things shall be seen aright.
In the warmth of His love my heart shall bloom into flower ; and my ears shall open to the music of the spheres.
My love and my faith shall grow higher than mountains, deeper than the seas, wider than the continents :
Yea, they shall exceed the length and breadth of the whole Earth.
They shall climb higher than the Stars; encircle the Moon and the Sun; and find an orbit that shall encompass the Universe.
Vaster yet shall be their reaches : yea, even around the Unseen Darkness shall they circle on their way.
And forever and forever will they travel onward :
For without bounds, without limit are Love and Faith :
And even in the fullness of eternities their measure is not to be found.

E. D. P.

# THE LAND OF PEACOCKS.*

By H. P. Blavatsky.

(*Concluded.*)

It was only eight when we finished our meal—in the uncomfortable company of two centipedes, by the way, which sought refuge in my future bedroom, when we tried to catch them; so we carried a few rickety chairs to the veranda, hoping to breathe some fresh air, after a sultry day. We were soon joined by the Dewan's secretary, who had met us at the station in the morning, and an unusually plump Bengali Babu, Inspector of the Maharaja's schools, the only two people in Bhurtpoor who spoke English.

Both proved good talkers and full of that peculiarly Indian miraculous lore which interested us most at the time, and yet never failed to provoke sceptical remarks, secret perplexity and open distrust. Here is a sample.

The hero of the narrative was Rao Krishna Deva Surya Singh, the only surviving grandson of the true Raja of Bhurtpoor, who was dethroned by the English in favour of a less authentic, but more easy-going monarch. A few months later we met young Rao Krishna in Darjeeling, and a very well-bred and handsome young fellow he proved to be.

His father, being the lawful heir of a potentate, whose political views the British government did not approve of, was necessarily homeless and destitute. His children, Rao Krishna's brothers, all died in infancy, from various privations. But Rao Krishna survived, in spite of the wandering life of a pilgrim he had led with his father from infancy, and grew up to be the hero of the following story:

Rao Krishna was fourteen, when his father took him on one of his usual pilgrimages. It happened so that this was the time of an exceptionally severe epidemic of cholera, which killed its victim in less than an hour. On the outskirts of the Deodar forest young Rao also was taken sick, and the moment their fellow pilgrims knew it, they fled. The end came soon, but it was some time before the distracted father thought of burning the remains of his child, according to the rites of Manu, and a longer time still before he could collect wood enough for the funeral pyre, exhausted as he was by grief, fatigue and fasting. So, no wonder that by the time the body was ready for the flames, disintegration had set in, and no one would have recognized the pretty boy of a few hours ago.

* Translated by Vera Johnston.

Lo and behold! at this point, the pilgrims lingering at a safe distance became aware there was a third actor in the drama. It was an ancient ascetic, a centenerian at the very least, the triple sacred thread on his shoulder showed he was a Brahman, and by the caste-mark on his brow, an Advaita Vedantin, but no one knew whence or when he came on the stage.

Step by step, he slowly approached the dead boy, and bending over his face gazed eagerly into it without touching the body.

For a long time the ascetic stood motionless, then gradually he began to sway, bending nearer and nearer to the dead body. A few moments more, and the pilgrims saw the fragile frame of the old man shake and shiver, and his weak legs bend under him. Then he fell and lay as motionless as the dead corpse at his side. But the marvel was that the very instant he fell, the boy, dead only a minute ago, sat up and gazed wildly around.

When the first moments of terror and disorder had passed, and the father embraced his recovered darling, with shouts of joy, the timorous pilgrims returned, led by curiosity. The ascetic was beyond question dead, and very strangely, his body showed all the signs of death by cholera: the black marks, the cramped and swollen limbs; it looked as if he had been dead for several hours. As to the body of the youth, which only a few minutes since seemed ready to disintegrate, it bore no traces of any kind of sickness. His skin was clear, and he looked perfectly healthy. What could the beholders do, but conclude that the old man and the youth had changed places?

That evening we were too interested, perhaps also too polite, to contradict our informants, but our countenances must have spoken incredulity, for both the Jat dignitary and the Bengali pedagogue looked chagrined and perplexed.

"Why," they said, "was not such lack of faith perfectly astonishing, in face of all the innumerable authentic examples? Why! Shri Shankaracharya himself. . . " And we were told how this peerless philosopher entered the body of a dead king, upon a certain occasion, to win a bet from Sarasvati, goddess of occult sciences and wisdom.

When our visitors rose to go, Colonel O. offered them our hearty thanks for an interesting evening.

"But," he added, "you must excuse me from believing that a man's soul can take possession of his brother's body, at will. . . "

"Why," he was promptly interrupted, "we did not say any man's soul could do it, but only the *Mayavi rupa* of an initiated Yogi."

"I believe in their secret wisdom and power," earnestly answered the colonel. "I believe in them, for since my arrival in India, I have many opportunities to verify all this. But what stories I hear! Why, in them the holy adepts are made guilty of nothing short of lycanthropy."

"Don't, colonel, don't!" interrupted Narayan, who had kept silent until then. "You can not know the limits of their powers. . . "

"Yes, but with some reservations. Take our Thakur, for instance. . . "

Our president stopped short: the flight of mighty wings over our heads made us all start, and a second later a magnificent peacock stood before Narayan, proudly spreading his tail.

Colonel O. laughed.

"Why, my poor Narayan, you do look frightened. You stare so, one almost may think you take it that Gulab-Lal-Singh purposely turned himself into this bird to stop our indiscrete revelations of his power."

Our president looked genuinely amused. But Narayan never so much as smiled. To my astonishment, even our little Babu held his peace. The rest of us tried to look indifferent, but a spirit of uneasiness seemed to have taken hold of us all.

The fat Bengali pedagogue cleared his throat portentously.

"The Colonel Sahib does not seem to take our beliefs seriously?" he said, "and yet he constantly has a living example before his eyes. Ask anybody; they will tell you that the young Thakur Gulab Lal Singh is the dwelling place of his grandfather's soul, and that he. . . "

The colonel and I had pricked up our ears, fearing to lose a word.

"Go on!" I exclaimed impatiently, as the Bengali stopped for a while musingly.

"Well, that the old Thakur even during his life time. . . "

But it was decreed that evening that "the young Thakur" was not to be dragged upon the stage. On the roof, over our heads, arose an undescribable tumult: peacocks and peahens were flitting heavily, filling the air with their piercing cries. The same moment we heard a thump and saw a dark form on the marble floor at the feet of the last speaker. The fat Bengali jumped on his rickety chair, which immediately fell to pieces under his mighty weight. He sat helplessly on the floor, staring.

"A cobra," he yelled at the top of his voice. "Look out! it is a cobra!"

Our own little Babu had no particular scruples about killing animals, from a bed-bug to a tiger; nor much faith in the wonders of lycanthropy. Quick as a monkey, he hurried to the rescue of his countryman. He caught the snake by the tail, and deftly broke it's back with a bamboo rod, then crushed its head with his heel.

He found a peahen's egg in the mouth of the horrible reptile. The second apparition explained the first. We had a laugh at Narayan's superstitution and, dismissing our guests according to the Indian custom, withdrew to our apartments.

Soon the palace subsided into perfect quiet. Men and peacocks slept. Only we three could not rest: the colonel, Narayan and myself. The colonel amused himself examining the curious picture he had caught a glimpse of before going to supper. I sat at the window, yawning, too tired to stir. As to Narayan, he never went to sleep before us, and crouching at Colonel O.'s doorstep, was always at our service.

"Colonel," I said, "don't keep Narayan from his rest any longer. We all are thoroughly done up. Good night, gentlemen!"

But hearing no answer, I walked to the door, and raised the heavy curtain. The colonel's face startled me, so much perplexity, helplessness and awe did it show.

"Why, Colonel, what is wrong?" I asked.

But he didn't speak, pointing weakly to an inscription on the back of the picture.

It was in Urdu, and having no knowledge of the twists and dots of that dialect, I could offer no assistance.

"Narayan," called the colonel in an awestruck whisper. "Narayan, come here, my boy, come and read this."

Narayan read aloud:

"The Durbar of Shah Alam. His Majesty the Padishah, transferring the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa to the East India Company. Meeting of the Rajput envoys. Treaty of peace, according to the will of the Prophet. After the defeat of Patna in the year of the Hejra, 1173. Painted by Ahmet Din in 1177 A. H."

"Well," I said, "what is the trouble?"

"What is the trouble?" indignantly repeated our president. "The year of the Hejira, 1177? What year will it be according to our reckoning? 1765! That is one hundred and fourteen years ago.

*One hundred and fourteen years.* Got that safe in your head? Well, now look at this man here, recognize him, name him!"

And, quickly turning the picture right side up, he pointed to an image we knew well.

I must confess that I gasped. And Narayan's hands shook visibly.

The only man amongst seventy or eighty on the picture perfectly free from any trace of servility, was also the tallest. The posture also was well known to us. He stood with his arms folded on his chest, calmly glancing over the heads of the brilliant assembly. He wore a Rajput turban with a small feather aigrette, steel gauntlets, a breast plate, several daggers in his sash and a shield of rhinoceros hide. His long wavy hair, his beard, face and size left us no doubt as to who was meant by the painter.

It was the Thakur Gulab Lal Singh, our mysterious guide and protector.

Colonel O. was right.

"Good heavens!" repeated our president, excitedly. "More than a century ago, and he looks exactly as if it was yesterday. But, by Jove! Now I think of it, if there was any truth in what that fat schoolmaster said, it might have been his grandfather. But think of the likeness! And, on the other hand, if he and his grandfather. . . I mean, if during his grandfather's life time he already. . . . "

Narayan's pale face looked at us with a mute appeal. I resolved to put a stop to the poor fellow's obvious unhappiness.

"Hold on, Colonel," I said. "I think we must go no further. We must not forget how often the Thakur Sahib requested us not to try to learn anything about him, not to listen to what anybody said. Go to bed at once, and let us not think of it any more."

And without another word, I returned to my room.

What is it, a vision, or a mere fancy, a dream?

The house is still. I can hear the peaceful snores of our president in the next room. It is very hot. The huge punkah sends the scorching air into my face. I am not asleep. My Indian maid is curled up on a piece of matting at the foot of my bed, like a black kitten. There is my sun-hat, fallen on the floor and blown to and fro by the motion of the punkah. No, I am not asleep.

But then, is it not strange that I should be able to see through the thick curtain on my door, through the wall itself, The next room grows distinctly lighter. One would think the brightest moon had appeared, swimming suddenly from behind dark clouds.

The Thakur touches the sleeping Narayan's shoulder. Narayan is up instantly, and then prostrate again before the master, touching his feet with his clasped hands. A wave of the master's hand, and the picture of the Durbar, on the table, disappears from my sight, all aglow as if with millions of electric sparks.

# RELIGION AND RELIGIONS.

By Count Leo Tolstoi.

(*Concluded.*)

The unfortunate Nietsche, who became so famous recently, is especially valuable as a personification of this contradiction. He is uncontradictable when he says that all rules of morality, from the point of view of existing non-Christian philosophies, are simply lying and hypocrisy, and that it is much more profitable, pleasant, and wise to form a community of *Ueber menschen,* aud to be one of them, rather than of the crowd which must serve as the stage of these *Uebermenschen.* No possible construction of philosophy, issuing from a pagan religious view of the world, can demonstrate to a man that it is not more profitable and reasonable for him to live, for his own desirable, intelligible and possible well-being, or for the well-being of his family, his society, than for some other undesirable, unintelligible well-being, unattainable by the insignificant powers of mankind. Philosophy, based on an understanding of life which confines itself to human well-being, will never be in a position to prove to a reasonable man, who knows that he may die any minute, that it is good and right for him to forego his own desirable, intelligible and undoubted well-being, not even for the well-being of others, because he can never know the consequences of his sacrifice, but simply because it is good and right—that it is the categorical imperative.

To demonstrate this from the pagan philosophic point of view is impossible. To demonstrate that men are all equal, that it is better for a man to give his life to the service of others, rather than to make others serve him, treading their lives under foot, our relation to the universe must be otherwise defined: it must be shown that man's position is such that there is no other course open to him, because the purpose of his life lies only in fulfilling the will of the Power that sent him; and the will of the Power that sent him is that he should give his life for the service of men. And such a change of man's relation to the universe is given only by religion.

Just the same with attempts to derive and reconcile Christian morals with the fundamental positions of pagan science. No sophisms or turns of thought can make away with the clear and simple proposition that the law of evolution, lying at the base of all the science of our time, rests on the general, eternal and unchangeable law—on the law of the struggle for existence and the survival

of the fittest, and that therefore every individual, to attain his own well-being or the well-being of his socity, must be that fittest, and must make his society such, in order that not he and his society, but some other, less fit, may perish.

However much certain naturalists, frightened at the logical conclusions from this law and their applications to human life, may try to extinguish this law with words, to talk it away, all their attempts will only make more evident the irresistibility of this law, which guides the life of the whole organic world, and hence also the life of man, considered as an animal.

At the moment when I was writing this, appeared the Russian translation of an article by Mr. Huxley, which consists of a discourse on evolution and ethics, read by him before an English society.

In this article, the learned professor, like our own famous Professor Bekétoff a few years ago, and like many others, writing on the same subject, and with the same want of success as his predecessors, tries to show that the struggle for existence does not destroy morality, and that, while the law of the struggle for existence is recognized as the fundamental law of life, morality not only can exist, but is even perfected. Mr. Huxley's article is filled with all manner of jests, verses, and general views on the religion and philosophy of the ancients, and, in consequence of this, is so involved and confused that only with the greatest difficulty can one get at is fundamental thought. This thought, however, is as follows: the law of evolution is contrary to the law of morality, this was known to the ancients of the Greek as of the Indian world. And the philosophy and religion of both peoples brought them to the teaching of self-renunciation. This teaching, in the author's opinion, is wrong; but the true teaching is as follows: There is a law, which the author calls a cosmic law, by which all beings struggle amongst themselves, only the fittest surviving. To this law is subject man also, and, thanks only to this law, man has become what he now is. But this law is contrary to morality. How to reconcile this law with morality? In this way: there exists a social progress, which strives to restrain the cosmical process, and to substitute for it another process—the ethical—the aim of which is the survival, not of the fittest, but of the best in an ethical sense. Whence arose this ethical process, Mr. Huxley does not explain, but in his nineteenth note says that the basis of this process consists in the fact that men, as well as animals, on the one hand love to dwell in so-

cieties and restrain in themselves the qualities that are injurious to society, and on the other that members of societies forcibly restrain actions which run counter to the well-being of society. It appears to Mr. Huxley that this process, which leads people to overcome their passions for the preservation of the collectivity of which they are members, and the fear of being punished for destroying the order of this collectivity, is the very law of ethics, the existence of which he has to demonstrate.

Morality is something perpetually developing and growing, and hence the not injuring the established rules of a certain society, and the supporting of them by any external means whatever—means which Mr. Huxley speaks of as the instruments of morality—will be not only no confirmation, but even a destruction of morality. Every cannibal, who ceases to devour his fellow-beings, and acts in harmony with this, breaks the order of his society. There can be no doubt that every really moral action which advances morality, will always be a breach of the order of society. And hence, if a law has appeared in society according to which people sacrifice their own profit to preserve their society, this law is not a law of ethics, but, for the most part, on the contrary, a law contrary to all ethics, the very same law of the struggle for existence, only under a hidden, latent form. This is the same struggle for existence, only transferred from individuals to collectivities. This is no cessation of the struggle, but a drawing back of the hand, only in order to strike more forcibly.

If the law of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest is an eternal law of all that lives—and it cannot but be recognized as such for man regarded as an animal—then no confused arguments about social progress and the ethical law which flows out of it, and, like a *deus ex machina,* springs forth from we know not where exactly when we needed it, can destroy the law of the struggle for existence.

If social progress, as Mr. Huxley assures us, gathers people into groups, then the same struggle and the same survival will take place between families, races, nations; and this struggle will not only not be more moral, it will be even crueller and more immoral, than the struggle of personalities, as we see in actuality.

Even if we admit the impossible—that, by social progress alone, all humanity will, after thousands of years, be united in a single unit, will compose a single nation and a single State, even then—to say nothing of the fact that, when the struggle between nations

has come to an end, it will become a struggle between humanity and the animal kingdom—the struggle will still remain a struggle, that is an activity which radically excludes the possibility of what we have recognized as Christian morality. To say nothing of this, even then the struggle between personalities, gathered into collectivities, and between collectivities—families, races, peoples—will not diminish in the least, but will only take place in another form, as we see is the case in every union of people into social groups. Members of families quarrel and struggle among themselves as much as outsiders, and even more and more bitterly.

Exactly the same in a State: between people living in a State, there is exactly the same struggle as between people living outside the State, only in different forms. If the weaker are saved within the family and within the State, this is not at all owing to their social union, but owing to the fact that there is self-renunciation and love, in the people who are united in families and States. If, outside the family, of two children only the fittest survives, while in the family of a good mother both continue to live, this follows not at all from family union, but because of love and self-renunciation in the mother. And neither love nor self-renunciation can by any means flow out of social progress.

To affirm that social progress produces morality is like affirming that stove-making produces heat.

Heat comes from the sun, and the stove produces heat only when it contains fuel—the work of the sun. Exactly in the same way, morality flows out of religion. Special forms of life produce morality only then, when into these forms of life enter the results of religious influence on men—morality. Stoves may be lit and so give heat, or not be lit and so remain cold, and in exactly the same way forms of life may contain morality within themselves, and so act morally on people, or not contain morality within themselves, and so remain entirely without moral influence on society.

Christian morality cannot be founded on a pagan understanding of life, and cannot be derived from non-Christian philosophy or science; not only cannot be derived from them, but cannot even be reconciled with them.

This was always understood by every serious, strict and logical philosophy or science: "Our propositions will not harmonize with morality, so much the worse for morality," quite rightly say such philosophy and science, and continue their investigations.

Ethical treatises not based on religion, and even lay catechisms, are written and taught, and people may think that humanity is led by them; but this only seems so, because in reality people are led not by these treatises and catechisms, but by religion, which they always had and have, while the treatises and catechisms are only pretences at that which of itself flows out of religion.

The precepts of laic morality, not based on religious teaching, are exactly as if a man, not knowing music, were to take the place of the conductor and wave his hands up and down in front of the musicians who were fulfilling their accustomed task. The music, through inertia, and through what the former conductor had taught, would go on for a certain time; but it is evident that the baton-waving of the man who knew no music would not only be of no benefit, but would, in course of time, inevitably confuse the musicians, and throw the orchestra out. Such confusion begins to fill the minds of the people of our time, in consequence of the attempts of their leaders to give them a morality not based on that highest religion which is beginning to be accepted, and has already in part been accepted, by Christian humanity. Attempts to found morality outside religion are like what children do, when, wishing to transplant some plant that pleases them, they break off the roots that they do not like and that seem useless to them, and stick the plant into the ground without roots. Without a religious basis, there can be no real, unsimulated morality, just as without roots there can be no real plant.

And so, answering your two questions, I say, "Religion is a certain relation, established by man between his separate personality and the endless universe, or its source. Morality is the perpetual guiding of life which flows from this relation."

*Translator's Note.*—It would be difficult to overestimate the value of this essay. Without knowing it, Tolstoi has reached the heart of the Eastern doctrine. His first religion is that of the physical body; his second, that of the psychic; his third, that of the causal self, "the Power which sends us into the world". To establish a true relation with the causal self, and thereby with the eternal source of the universe, is undoubtedly the end of all true religion and morality. It is a testimony at once to the truth of the Eastern teaching, and to his own inspiration, that Tolstoi should have divined this threefold division of man, under the brooding power of the fourth, the Eternal.

# ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

*Edited by Charles Johnston.*

## INDICATIVE WORDS FOR THE FUTURE.

"You are to hand on this teaching of mine; yet never to those who lack fervent aspiration, who love not, or who will not listen, condemning me.

"He who shall set forth this highest mystery amongst my lovers, with uttermost love for me, shall of a surety come to me.

"Nor amongst all mankind shall any be dearer to me throughout all the world, nor shall any other offer me more acceptable sacrifice.

"And whoever shall recount this sacred discourse between us two, offers to me the sacrifice of wisdom; this do I declare.

"And whoever listens, full of aspiration and eager for wisdom, shall go at death to happy worlds, the reward of righteous works.

"Have you heard and understood with singleness of heart? Are your delusions of unwisdom gone, conqueror of enduring wealth?"

*Songs of the Master.*

Friends, Countrymen and Lovers: let me for once lay aside the impersonal form of these papers, to speak to you direct. In a sense the work they were intended to accomplish is completed; the result is attained; the account is closed.

We have passed through a long period of transition with what grace and patience the gods vouchsafed; it is ended, and the victory is with us. Not such a splendid victory, perhaps, as some of us hoped for; not so showy or magnificent; yet, believe me, a victory very substantial and real; of such profound significance and far-reaching effect that we shall not live to see the final fruit of it; no, nor those yet unborn who shall in due time take our places.

The heart of our victory is this: the divine power of spiritual self-reliance, the present sense of the Eternal within ourselves. This give us individual insight into the law of the real, with individual initiative to embody the light of the highest in our own acts and lives. We are become substantial and alive, responsible agents, so that each one of us could and would carry on the purposes of the gods, alone and in the dark; how much more then, united and in full light. Of our own knowledge, we now know something of the soul; of our own power, we can and will act out that knowledge.

To the gaining of this end, as we now can see, the period of darkness and silence was indispensible; had we still been visibly

led, we would not have learned to find our way. Had we been fed with outward signs, we should have failed to recognize the inward light. But now we know.

Nor will it be long before we are called to make our knowledge effective. For cyclic time, which seemed to stand still with us, will presently begin to bring in his revenges. The tide is turning; has in truth turned. We shall soon have ample opportunity to see why it was imperative, just at this juncture, to stop the general outflow of force, and so to stop it as to compel us to find our feet.

The law which has dominated us for the last quarter-century, and with many of whose effects we are familiar in the incidents of our own lives, will presently set the tide flowing full in the opposite direction, and this tide we shall have to meet, guiding it so far as may be, giving to its currents such direction as may be most profitable in the next springtime of the gods.

We have for years seen an outflow towards spiritual liberty; towards freedom from ecclesiastical dogma and gross materialism. We are now to meet the reaction; dogma, gathering its forces once more together for a mighty and sustained effort, will try to force a definite mold and impress on all thought; it is for us to see that this mold shall not become a prison. Materialism, more in morals than in philosophy, more as an avowed purpose and ideal of life than as a speculation, will arise, awakened after a sleep of a generation, eager to recover the ground it has lost.

There will be a universal tendency, a steady tide setting in through the moral world, and inwardly affecting our hearts and minds, in the direction of hardness, of uniformity, of consolidation. We must be prepared to act as the centers of that radiant force which will run counter to this tide. Look back a few years, and you will understand this better. Just at the time dogma and materialism were breaking up, under the periodic influence of cyclic law, we were put in possession of a definite and complete system, we were ranged into an ordered army, to meet and face the cyclic tide. With the reverse current, we must take the opposite course. We must separate and dissolve, so as to be, not a united and uniform body, but so many effective units, each a center of radiant force drawn direct from the highest, from within, from the fountain of life. We must give up our serried conformation, and learn the methods of guerrilla warfare.

This is not because of our lessened numbers. Quite the contrary, the lessening of our numbers is the effect, the natural selection

of the law. For many who were fit enough to hold their own in a crowded host would be quite unable to take their place as guerrillas, to exercise that individual responsibility, initiative, alert inventiveness and self-reliance which make us able to do battle alone and in the dark, and, if need be, to die in the dark and alone. This requires finer mettle, and a more carefully selected force. And this we now have and are.

Our self-reliance and initiative as radiant centers will be exercised in two ways, according as we have set firm our foothold in the psychic or the causal world; after that great and vital division of inner things which has been insisted on again and again. To the psychic world belong understanding of law, the clear grasp of principles, a firm apprehension of the doctrine, and ability to apply the teaching at whatever point and in whatever way instant occasion may demand. A thousand of us, putting this power and energy into practice, will have to meet with a thousand different conditions, and to deal with them in a thousand different ways. Each of us has to become a radiant center for our own environment, our own circle of mental and moral energies, and therein to apply the tradition we have received to the best advantage; to sow such seed as may bear fruit in the next two generations. We must speak ever as original centers, each one of us; never as representatives of a movement or a body, for thus the personal and local application of the teaching would be lost. A general rule will fit no individual case. Therefore we shall look to it that each one of us is ready to answer for himself, armed at point, alert, girt for the battle. We shall have to look to our clearness and sufficiency of thought, as never before; and remember this, the responsibility for neglect or failure will no longer be shared with some central or guiding body,—the general staff, as it were,—but must be met in full, and paid for, by the individual alone. In this sense, we shall be an instrument for distributing the teaching, but as a congeries of living, self-reliant, fully responsible centers, not as an organized machine.

But this is not to be a crusade of lip-service. The will must vivify and ensoul everything. We shall be met at all points with sets of circumstances in which we shall be compelled to decide, not in theory but in act, whether we shall do what is good and pleasant-seeming for our personal selves, or what makes for the general welfare. Our first choice will be between energy and sloth, between work and waiting. And the responsibility will lie wholly with each of us. The time for laying the blame on leaders is gone by.

We are come of age, and must pay our debts. Nor will it be the duty of anyone esteemed a leader to point out, direct, guide or encourage. Freely they stand who stand, or fall who fall.

This is not because the heart of pity is hardened, or because the fountains of mercy are dried up. It is the word of the law. That tendency towards hardening, conformity, rigidity which comes with the turning tide, and which makes dogma and materialism inevitable,—that tendency will not halt for us. If we give it a center to work on, it will harden us, beat us into dogmatism, force us into materialized forms. This will be visible soon enough in all bodies which do rely on leadership, on uniformity, on orthodoxy, on hidden ambition. But we shall escape. And we shall escape without dissolution, for though divided outwardly, each a separate, fully responsible unit, we shall be united inwardly, in a deeper place to which the reaction cannot come, we shall be united in the oneness of our inspiration.

Thus far, for our work as it springs from stability in the psychic world. Those in whom the causal self has come to conscious life will not be engaged chiefly with principles and laws, doctrines and traditions, but with the living and immortal powers that make law and principle alike. They will work directly from the soul, listening to no other oracle. What their work shall be, is known only to the soul in them; it shall be creative, issuing new upon the universe. They will lift for themselves that dark veil which shrouds the hidden divinity; they will make manifest to men what the gods make manifest to them. For them, who can offer counsel? For to them shall inwardly speak the soul; when that voice is uttered, all human tongues are still.

Once more, though wise words will be potent, deeds will be far more vital. We must win the victories of the will. It is not an opinion which we are to meet, but a forceful tide, bearing upon us inwardly, subtly, urging us by voices which shall seem our own. Glib talk will then profit little. We cannot cheat the gods.

We must have the courage of the soul. With valor, all things are possible; without it, what profit is there in the tongues of men and angels? We must choose and act upon our choice: choose between valor and cowardice; between vigor and sloth; between light and darkness; between moral life and death. Above all, we must choose between the universal soul as it speaks to us, and our personal welfare, our personal comfort, our personal profit. We are living either for vanity or for worth; but by no possibility for both.

We are living either for inner rightness with the law, or for appearances, for the opinions of others who, if truth be told, are very indifferent to all we can say and do, unless we can be made to serve their own vanities. We shall live either for the immortal in us, who has seen so many births, or for the craven person who usurps and shivers in usurping.

We shall be radiant centers for the work of the common soul, the ancient immortal who from the beginning has accepted all worship and all prayers, to whatsoever deity offered. We shall not so much talk rebirth and immortality, as live rebirth and immortality, bearing the responsibility of the soul as faithful ambassadors and envoys. The time has come for sending forth the disciples. We have reaped; now we must sow.

Nor shall we be downcast at this new charge put upon us, but rather encouraged, glad of heart that in the fullness of the time we also have been deemed worthy; entering our inheritance, not as a burden of debt, but as a splendid opportunity to gather strength and wisdom, to make our own the treasures of the power and the light, until the hour strikes for us to enter into peace.

We shall need forethought; we shall need knowledge; we shall need wisdom and good-will; but above all, courage, the fire that enkindles the heart and makes it glad; the flame that warms the blood, till it rises in full and stimulating force; the brightness which lights the eye to see everywhere the joy of victory. Therefore let us fight the fight.

We shall live and work in the midst of a thousand illusions, with no measure of the real values of the dim, hurrying powers that hem us in on all sides, mysterious, menacing or encouraging; with no guiding light but the star within, that shines from everlasting. The holy source of that light we now know, how it stands as the sentinel of the Eternal, on the confines of our darkness and night. All things may change, but that light will never change, glowing with steady radiance in our souls. Where much is vague in our dreamland, this at least we know: living faithful to that inward fire, following wherever it may lead, even through the black darkness of death, even through evil report, danger, destitution, we cannot take one step amiss, but will complete the perfect work allotted to us of old, and in the great day awake to find we have rendered worthy service, breaking down one more barrier between the souls of men and the everlasting Light.

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

## Question 134.—*(Continued.)*

*Is it ever right to do evil that good may come of it, or to do injustice to a minority for the sake of a majority?*

*S.*—No. But the questions involve an absurdity. Neither is possible. No good can come of evil doing; injustice cannot be done a minority, without doing equal injustice to the majority. All things issue in pairs. When you deal out injustice to others, you add an equal amount of injustice to your own burdens. This is folly. The ancient Jews held that no one could be finally redeemed until he had come back again and again and brought up all his children to his own level. Injustice is the child of a selfish use of man's mind, and such a mind can only be purified by reassuming the consequences of its wrong uses. Hence it is the supremest folly to wrong another, for one immediately takes upon himself a like burden with the added obligation of ultimately shouldering the burden put upon the other.

*Anon.*—I do not believe that even the Jesuits of the present day would venture to publicly declare that it is right to do evil that good might come of it. At all events they would not venture to do so in this country, because it would shock the conscience, common sense and reason of the entire country. All the sages and teachers have ever declared that evil can only generate evil, that evil can overcome evil, that evil can only be conquered by good, that we must return good for evil. Evil or wrong thoughts or actions therefore, stand condemned of themselves and can never be defended under any circumstances whatever. We all know that injustice is evil, to one or many, and it is therefore wrong under any conditions or circumstances. We know that deceit, duplicity or any form of lie is evil, that slander, detraction and vilification are evil and should be condemned by every right-thinking person, no matter what sophistry and excuse may be brought forward. It is plainly the duty of Theosophists, both for themselves and the cause they represent, to do right for right's sake, irrespective of any consequences whatever, and to condemn hyprocrisy, falsification, slander and vice in every form. It is also their duty to defend the good, uphold the true brotherhood of man, and to stand for perfect toleration and freedom of thought, and be willing to prove all things and hold fast by that which is good.

## REVIEW.

*A Short View of Great Questions:* (By Orlando J. Smith, New York, The Brandur Co., 220 Broadway, Paper 25 cents.) A little book which contains a great deal of wisdom. Its characteristic is the great nobility of inspiration and sentiment, from beginning to end. The author proclaims truths, not because they are plausible, but because they are worthy and just. Honor and mercy are the canons by which he tries the law. It is a strong and direct appeal to the intuition; to that immortal in every man who has in fact passed through all births, for the teaching of rebirth is the heart of the message: "The theory of Reincarnation is nothing more or less than the doctrine of the complete immortality of the soul. It is evident that, if the soul be immortal, it must be wholly immortal, and not partly immortal; completely immortal, and not incompletely immortal. Immortality can have no beginning." This is the keynote: "The raggedest child in London is greater than St. Paul's; the poorest peasant in France is nobler than the tallest peak of the Alps. Man need not grovel or abase himself. He is older than the city of Rome, older than the Pyramids, older than the Koran or the Bible, older than any book ever written or printed; and he will survive them all. He is the eternal master of himself; a king of a royal line older than any throne or dynasty. The noble man has a noble kingdom; it extends as far and wide as his thought and love can reach. The base man has a mean kingdom; but still it is his own. If he so wills, he can broaden it, better it. He can lose it only through his own abdication; for in all the Universe he has no real enemy but himself."

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(*Preliminary Notice.*)

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